

from having shaken hands with every one who came in.

I was necessarily left very much to myself, and spent most of my time with my governess in my own apartments.

I had to study and work very hard for six or seven hours every day.

I dined in the middle of the day with my mother and father when they were alone, and had my tea in the evening in my own room. I had besides my governess, music, drawing, and German and French teachers, who came certain hours during the week. I used to get very tired of it all, and was glad when Summer came and I could get a rest.

Mother sent me to a boarding school one Winter, but I was so miserably unhappy mother came for me and took me home. During the short time I was away from my parents I cried nearly all the while, and, oh! how glad I was to get back!

I remember so well the fun I used to have when I was allowed to have some of my girl friends come and spend the afternoon with me. We would romp and play on the grounds at the back of the White House, where the trees and lawns are so beautiful.

We were never allowed to play in the front of the house, as it always attracted too much attention, which my father particularly hated. I remember the grand military and diplomatic receptions, when all the officers of the army and navy and representatives from the foreign courts would come to pay homage to my father and mother. The diplomats wore gorgeous uniforms, as they do now, and I was always allowed to

come down on those occasions and stand behind my parents in the Blue Room, where they always stood to receive. Those were gala days for me, as every one, in my young eyes, made such a fuss over me.

Another great day I recall with deep feeling is Decoration Day.

I used to go with my father to Mount Vernon in the procession, which went out every year to decorate the soldiers' graves. We were always in the first carriage and were followed by the prominent members of the Cabinet and army officers, Senators and members of Congress. We would always send out the greatest quantity of flowers, and my father made a point of strewing some of them with his own hand on the Tomb of the Unknown, where the remains of the poor, brave fellows he loved so well were buried.

My father was a soldier, every inch of him, and he often used to tell me he wished I had been a boy—he would have made a soldier of me! The roads were awfully dusty always, both going and coming, and I remember when my father and I got home we were always white with dust.

I had a lovely little pony wagon and a pair of ponies. The driving and riding about here are delightful, and I would often take my little friends out for a drive. I was also very fond of having them to lunch with me, and mother was very lenient in allowing me to do so.

I can very vividly recall the day my father was inaugurated. I was up bright and early and waiting with mother for the carriage to come and take us to the Capitol. The drive up Pennsylvania avenue afterward to the grand stand, in front of the White House, where we stood while the procession passed, was a scene no child could easily forget. It seems to me as if there was much more enthusiasm in those days, probably on account of Washington being so full of old soldiers who had fought with my father during the war. The enthusiasm all along the route as we drove through the crowds was tremendous, and I shall never forget it. My dear mother was very much fatigued at the end of the day, and we were all glad to rest quietly after the excitement was over. However, childlike, I think I could have borne more fatigue still—it was all so new and delightful to me. I was very proud of my father, but not more proud than when he had won a battle!

We stayed in Washington very late in the season, as a rule, not going to our cottage at Long Branch before the 1st of July. Long Branch was very different then from what it is now. It was at the height of its glory then, and so gay. I loved to be there.

I do not consider it any great advantage for a woman in after years to have passed her girlhood in the White House. Of course, it would depend entirely upon her training there, as well as anywhere else.

I do not think, and indeed I know, my life there was no different from what it would have been anywhere with my father and mother.

One of the greatest pleasures I remember having during my girlhood at the White House was being allowed to wander every day through the greenhouses and conservatories and help the gardeners pick the flowers. I love flowers, and we used to gather great baskets of them every day. Mother often sent them to her friends and to the hospitals. Our private drawing room, upstairs, was always full of flowers, and father loved to have them even in his smoking room.

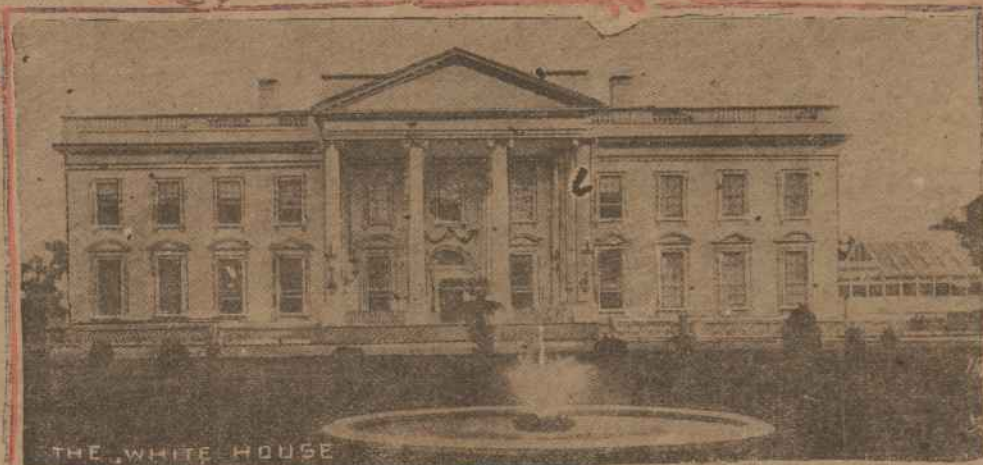
I have never thought of myself as a daughter of the White House, although many people are kind enough to call me so.

I am an American woman, and am very proud of being one.

I am very glad to have been educated in my own country, and for that reason I am educating my daughters here. My second daughter is now at school in a convent in Baltimore.

I like Washington more than I can tell. The climate is almost always pleasant and suits me perfectly. There are really only about two months in the year when the weather is too warm for comfort. I have come back to Washington to live because it is the dearest city in the world to me, and because I want my daughters to make it their home.

Nellie Grant's Room During the Eight Years  
She Was in the White House.



On the platform  
ding his message,  
I addressing the people.

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